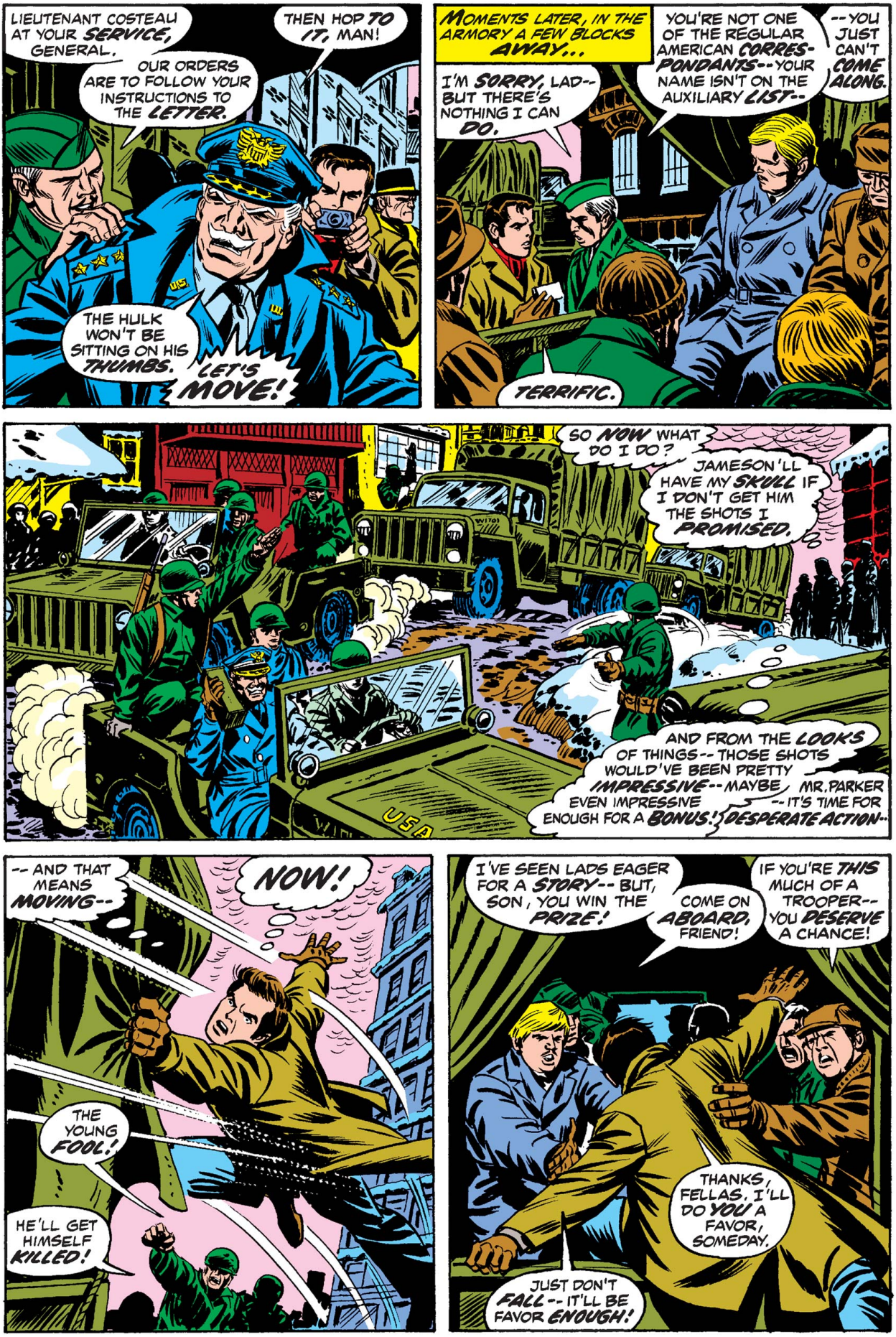
LIEUTENANT COSTEAU AT YOUR SERVICE, GENERAL.
OUR ORDERS ARE TO FOLLOW YOUR INSTRUCTIONS TO THE LETTER.
THEN HOP TO IT, MAN!
THE HULK WON'T BE SITTING ON HIS THUMBS.
LET'S MOVE!
MOMENTS LATER, IN THE ARMORY A FEW BLOCKS AWAY...
I'M SORRY, LAD-- BUT THERE'S NOTHING I CAN DO.
YOU'RE NOT ONE OF THE REGULAR AMERICAN CORRES-PONDANTS--YOUR NAME ISN'T ON THE AUXILIARY LIST--
--YOU JUST CAN'T COME ALONG.
TERRIFIC.
SO NOW WHAT DO I DO?
JAMESON'LL HAVE MY SKULL IF I DON'T GET HIM THE SHOTS I PROMISED.
AND FROM THE LOOKS OF THINGS-- THOSE SHOTS WOULD'VE BEEN PRETTY IMPRESSIVE--MAYBE EVEN IMPRESSIVE ENOUGH FOR A BONUS!
MR. PARKER --IT'S TIME FOR DESPERATE ACTION..
USA
-- AND THAT MEANS MOVING--
NOW!
THE YOUNG FOOL!
HE'LL GET HIMSELF KILLED!
I'VE SEEN LADS EAGER FOR A STORY-- BUT, SON, YOU WIN THE PRIZE!
COME ON ABOARD, FRIEND!
IF YOU'RE THIS MUCH OF A TROOPER-- YOU DESERVE A CHANCE!
THANKS, FELLAS. I'LL DO YOU A FAVOR, SOMEDAY.
JUST DON'T FALL-- IT'LL BE FAVOR ENOUGH!